

# MiPa ~ Print

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### *GOOSENECK-GIRL LIVES HERE*

by Terry Boykie

Beyond the road to lovers lane past  
bullets and bones long since forgotten  
we played the game of growing up  
with heaps of silt our platform.  
The apple trees upon our stage  
held fruit we laughed was rotten  
But night reduced the green to black  
and their simple sugars kept us warm.

Flanking trails to the first pond festered  
ruins of a 19th Century brick factory;  
its eroding turrets at forty feet providing  
cheap habitat to swifts and brown myotis.  
We dared the angular rubble to search  
Whippanong's wealth and mystery;  
but rats and rattlers bore the blame  
for the rawness that it granted us.

Amidst anthracite piles and spread-eagled  
Lackawanna rails, zumac and ivy grew.  
Their real and imagined poisons encroached  
non-union warrens where coal-fed fires  
once built Broad and Market but in the age of  
Camelot provided the joy of hobo stew.  
A buzz that Birch Hill boys would never know  
because this wasteland snubbed all criers.

In these tombs of missing laborers  
Stanley's daughter set up shop.  
She baked four-grain bread in the ovens  
and skinned mammals for the lard.  
She raised sons who went to college  
and a daughter who married a cop;  
and while others may have lived here longer  
she remains the Queen of my Brickyard.

# Eventual

*by Coleen Shin*

I get cha! you want me to quiver  
hoo hoo hoot in the sheets, wiggle  
read your last poem and weep

and I will. Know this—

poets have muses  
victims have bruises

if a poet is a victimized muse  
of another poet, perhaps one  
with allergies or dementia

or one with a death wish  
or one with a wish death  
might simply overlook

aforementioned stalker of similes  
crouched in the privet bushes  
arguing in whispers with himself

the other poet, modest, embarrassed  
might oh-so-casually point him out  
to the slim reaper, draped in black

and he aware! aware as only death can be  
that basic black worn in long lank lines  
is a very slimming color, and also

perhaps annoyed the shy writer  
would presume to do his job, huge!

the ego of wickedness, the luff balloon  
of her temerity, and she, little temptress  
little non'smoking, non'drinking gulper  
of pure air, devotee of THE GYM

has forgotten every poetess gone before  
(his girls, a bit edgy and bad)  
and forgotten yes, the list! Checking.

Yessss, her name is there, and his  
the hunkered down love-sick twit  
has won his bet, and you and I

and Marvin and Gaye, with nine points to spare  
have won not fame or infamy not a prize  
but a vanishing. Eventually.



# NOSTALGIA

*by A.D. Winans*

it's all violence now  
quick sex  
speed chases  
death and blood  
and more death

when I was growing up  
it was Bogart and Doris Day  
virgin brides  
and consummated marriages  
life seemed to have some  
kind of meaning back then  
you knew Clark Gable would  
wind up with the leading woman  
and that they would end up  
happily married  
that William Bendix  
would somehow survive  
in that life boat  
floating aimlessly at sea  
that Doris Day would find  
the right man and live  
happily ever after  
in the end you knew there  
was a glimmer of hope  
a ray of truth  
a war hero coming home  
to a faithful wife  
champagne and a job  
waiting for him  
dreams with no end  
gone, vanished  
old ghosts crying out  
in my memory bank  
evaporated, erased  
like a faded tombstone  
in a closed down cemetery

# fleur soleil, fleur noire

*by jim christ*

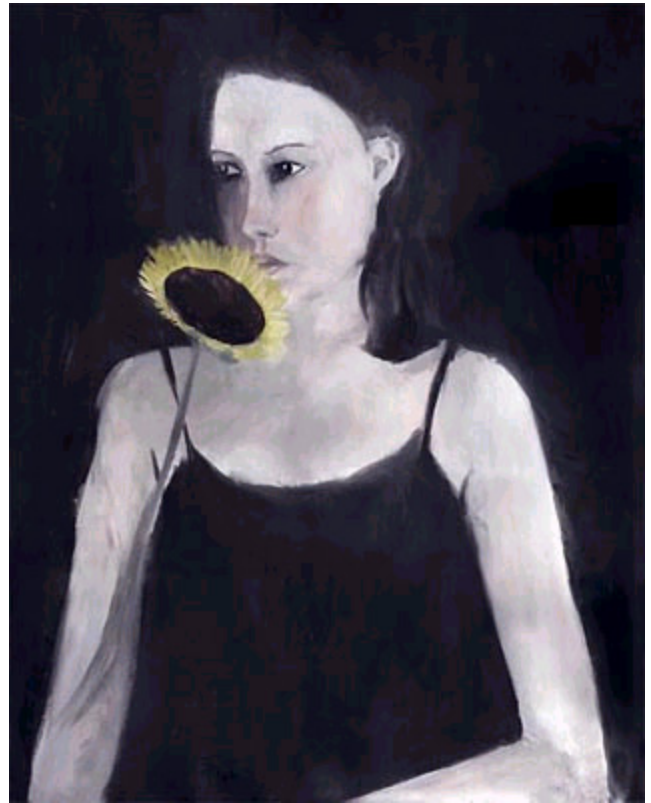
you waited until dusk,  
then tiptoed out  
with paring knife and need.

you'd watched it from shadows  
as days grew longer  
and petals finally unfolded.

now you sit with it  
caught in your arm  
like a scepter or an afterthought.

your blooms have peaked;  
the two of you will fade together  
for days and years

and also never will.



girl with sunflower copyright rene' andersson

## Eclipse

*by T. Birch*

The stage set is a vast  
black space she haunts,  
failing to grasp the dark.

From outside, she's peering at depths.  
A stem is her purchase, a seed  
is her grip.

It's all rough, a prickly bush,  
a wooded cellulose, membranous, quick  
to teach hurt.

Her lips catch no scent. Her eyes bore  
holes within holes.  
Only the circle, yellow with grief

knows what she wants.

## The Last Days of Marguerite

*by Arlene Ang*

No scent of woman in the studio; she poses  
like candelabra overrun by verdigris,

opposes light, the drawing of blinds. Daily  
her mother phones to check our progress.

Once the girl came in with a sunflower,  
the first one she stole from the park.

That afternoon there was no dissuading  
her fingers. She kept the bloom. Like badly

applied rouge, the yellow rays overshadowed  
her skin. Metastasis works overtime.

After each sitting, I clean the palettes,  
carefully wipe my hands of oil paint.

## Sunflower

by Rae Pater

The sunflower nurtures  
with gifts of seed,  
but you are darkness scalloped.

Pale away in sulky flowers,  
your thinness beguiles a dearth of smiles  
and invites the hatchett  
crack shins like needles.

Why stand and let tides  
flood around you,  
float there like bones of driftwood  
snapped and polished?

Pin night's curtains back  
and let stars twin in your eyes,  
skin pearly with seed.

## Starry, Starry Night

by Tasha Klein

Heaven! Let me feed you  
my blackness,  
the shadow of self

and the executioner wept.

Now he dreams of her  
finger-sinking parts  
and how her milkiness  
could fill him.

He knows there was no pain  
just a gentle tug  
and darling  
you're all I'll ever see  
sitting on your couch -  
the glitter of teeth,  
a black bird passing moon  
after moon.

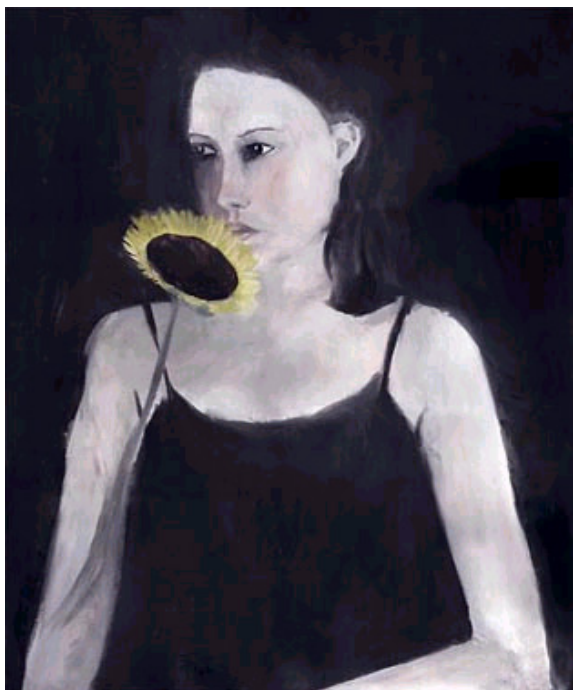
## fixing the hawk

by Angela Armitage

Plant 42's overtime echo isn't lonely  
or anything; just sweat and a wrench,  
a concentrated grunt here and there  
as the only woman on Sunday  
repairs a clunker of an old NASA dream.

She had another way,  
before her face took on folds and lost;  
painted herself silly on Sunday in a boorish  
light with some ugly flower stuffed in her best vein,  
before a rumbling black slit backdrop that threatened  
to open its sloppy lips and drown her with terrible  
importance, but never did.

That was so long ago that this Sunday,  
after fixing the hawk, she closes her blinds  
to stare at that old canvas, wondering how dumb  
a girl can be, then lights a fire that burns  
regular old wood and cinnamon sticks.



Visit Rene Andersson's Gallery at  
[www.reneandersson.com](http://www.reneandersson.com)

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